

The Memories of a Dying Man

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Summary: Supernatural, Collection of One Shots, hurt!Dean, upset!Cas, upset!Sam, Characters That Do Not Belong to Me

1. Dean's POV

As cliché as it sounded, Dean saw his life flash before his eyes. He saw the shitty motel rooms that their father would drop them off at when they were kids whenever he got a lead on a hunt. He saw Sam's shocked face when Dean showed up at Stanford after years of not speaking, and the pranks they pulled on each other after they officially started hunting together again. Next, he saw Castiel in the barn in his trench coat with his shadowy wings spread high.

The memories seemed like they were from another life, one that was simpler.

Suddenly, Ellen and Jo were playing drinking games with Cas, the scene blended into Ellen holding Jo's lifeless body as she saved them all. Bobby playing catch with him and Sam when they were young and innocent. Cas looking deep into Dean's eyes as he growled, "You should show me some respect."

The memories, even the raw painful ones, were a nice distraction as Dean tried to ignore the cold, tingling sensation that seeped up his legs to the stomach wound. Cas was desperately trying to slow the bleeding, but Dean still felt his heavy eyes shut despite Cas' urgent cries to keep them open.

This isn't such a bad way to go. Dean decided. Cas' face burned in his mind. He was glad that Sam wasn't here to see this. Dean tried to imagine Sam's reaction when Cas told him.

He would probably try to find a way to bring me back. A part of Dean wished he wouldn't come back. _Everyone's got a time. Maybe this is mine._ He mused.

By now, Dean's fingertips felt frost-nipped and raw, and he had lost feeling below his waist. Slowly, the memories that danced in his mind faded and crumbled, and he had a hard time retrieving them.

I guess it doesn't even matter anyways. Dean slowly felt himself float away from his body, from Cas' hysterical cries.

And for one in his life-

Dean Winchester was content.

And he greeted Death as an old friend.

2. Castiel's POV

Castiel felt like his heart was being ripped out of his chest. He had always watched human emotions with such fascination, wondering how it could literally _feel _like your heart was being torn to shreds when in reality it was still lodged between his lungs. For the first moment that he saw Dean stabbed on a hunt gone wrong, all he could do was sit there in a daze-like state. It was almost like he could not comprehend what he saw in front of him. Dean crumpled to the ground and Castiel completely forgot about the creature running away from the hunters. All he could care about was that Dean was bleeding profusely from his abdomen, his face streaked with intense pain.

Castiel rushed over to Dean, calling his name while he leaned over to put pressure on the wound. The sight of Dean covered in so much blood caused Cas' stomach to lurch.

"Come on, Dean. Hey, hey-Look at me. I need you to try to keep your eyes open. I'll get help, just keep your eyes open." His words were rushed and he watched Dean trying to keep his eyes open. Cas reached one bloody hand into his pocket and retrieved his cell phone and quickly dialed Sam's number.

"Sam! Sam, you need to come here, Dean's hurt. He's hurt really bad and he's bleeding and can't keep his eyes open." He listened for a moment and replied, "No, we're in that storehouse at 5th and Brighte Ave. We don't have any alcohol, and you have to hurry." He hung up the phone so he could use both hands on Dean's stomach. Cas started getting hysterical, and he could not seem to slow the bleeding. He couldn't tell what he was saying and it didn't really matter.

By then, Dean's eyes started to slide shut as his face relaxed. He had a slight smile on his face and looked peaceful as he looked into Castiel's frantic eyes.

"Hey, no Dean you have to keep your eyes open. For me, okay? You can't leave me, you promised. You promised." He choked out a sob on the word "promised".

And Castiel knew at that moment that Dean had died doing what he loved- Saving people, hunting things. The family business.

End
file.